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THE STORY OF KALORAMA,

BY MRS. CORRA BACON-FOSTER

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## THE STORY OF KALORAMA.\*

BY MRS. CORRA BACON-FOSTER.

(Read before the Society, April 13, 1909.)

Our theme tonight is of a famous old home in the District of which only the melody of the name lingers.

The governments of France and Germany have recently acquired portions of beautiful Kalorama Heights; doubtless two elegant foreign mansions will be added to the number of handsome residences that have given to this vicinity the distinction of being the palace end of town.

This is hardly a new experience for Kalorama; the few grand old oaks that have been spared by the ruthless, leveling work of army and civilian engineers doubtless congratulate themselves upon the return of the old days of social supremacy, when the belles and beaux of a century ago sauntered along the shaded walks, and haughty diplomats sought secluded arbors for discussion of the latest news from the war in Europe or the discomforts of life in Washington.

This charming property, still shown on city maps by faint, dotted lines, was a portion of the large Holmead estate and known as "Rock Hill." The original residence was built about 1750—it is claimed of English brick!—it is also claimed that the bill of lading therefor is among the title papers! So generously

\* In the preparation of this paper I have drawn largely upon the "Life and Letters of Joel Barlow," by Charles Burr Todd, and contemporary writings.

I wish also to express my gratitude for the assistance so generously and courteously given me by members of the families so long associated with the life of Kalorama.

were these *imported brick* used that the walls were of thickness and strength to withstand fire and tempest for one hundred and fifty years.

In 1794 the house with about forty acres was bought and occupied by Gustavus Scott from Dorchester County, Maryland. He had been a prominent lawyer there and a politician. He was one of the original promoters of the Potomac Company scheme for improvement of the river navigation—held eleven shares of the stock; he secured the passage of a bill in the Maryland Legislature for monopoly in steam navigation in the state to James Rumsey; he was a heavy investor in “Federal City” lots; he was appointed one of the early commissioners of the District and was made superintendent of public works; when Maryland made her third loan to the impecunious national government, his was one of the three personal endorsements required upon the bonds. President Washington wrote to Tobias Lear from Philadelphia, August 28, 1794: “ . . . Mr. Scott (at present of Baltimore) a gentleman eminent in the profession of law, a man of character & fortune, & one who has the welfare of the New City much at heart—has been applied to & accepted the appointed trust (as commissioner).” It was doubtless in compliance with the President’s request that he should reside in the District that he secured the Rock Hill residence.

He seems to have inherited some of his ancestral Scotch thrift, as he used the rejected keystone of the new K Street bridge for a kitchen door step on which for many years his name was perpetuated in an inscription—gradually vanishing under the tread of many feet.

In the Scott home hospitality held full sway—it was

one of the fine country places frequented by the George Town gentry.

Gustavus Scott was the grandfather of Admiral Gustavus Hall Scott, long a resident of Washington, and a relative of Mrs. Richard Townsend.

His patriotic investments were evidently unfortunate ones for him, as we learn from a letter addressed to Joel Barlow in Paris by President Jefferson, dated May 3, 1802, in which Barlow is urged to return to America; ". . . There is a most lovely seat adjoining this city—on a high hill, commanding a most extensive view of the Potomac—now for sale. A superb house, gardens, etc., with thirty or forty acres of ground. It will be sold under circumstances of distress, and will probably go for the half of what it has cost. It was built by Gustavus Scott, who is dead—a bankrupt."

It was however then bought by William Augustine Washington who remodeled the old mansion and added the handsome east wing containing the drawing rooms and banquet hall—without which no mansion of the time was complete. This owner greatly enlarged the former social circle which now embraced Alexandria and nearby Virginia plantations. But Washington was thrifty too and accepted Joel Barlow's liberal offer of \$14,000 for the place in 1807.

So about one hundred years ago workmen again appeared upon the scene and under the direction of the new owner with many suggestions from Robert Fulton and architect Latrobe carpenters and brick-masons were soon tearing away and remodeling; walks and drives were cut and leveled. With considerable ceremony one day in March there was a notable planting of two English elms by Barlow and Fulton; these trees attained great size and were only recently sacrificed to the lower grade of Twenty-third Street. President Jefferson

rode out frequently and gave much advice on the subjects of fruit culture and gardening, in which he considered himself adept.

Often it was observed Mr. Barlow and the younger Fulton would spend a morning on the bank of the bordering Rock Creek. Tradition says that the model of the first successful steamboat, the "Clermont," was here perfected—Fulton using the small model engine he had brought from London.

The pretty Greek lodge at the entrance gate was designed by Latrobe from an Ionian temple, the summer house on the brow of the hill (the present intersection of Twenty-fourth and U Streets) by Fulton.

In March, 1807, the day after the adjournment of Congress, died Senator Abraham Baldwin, the eldest brother of Mrs. Barlow and a life-long friend of her husband. His remains were the first to repose in the Kalorama tomb; the first interment had been in Rock Creek Church yard beside his colleague General Jackson of Georgia. Baldwin had been a member of the national Constitutional Convention whose vote for the opposition on equal representation of states held the convention from going to pieces before having accomplished its purpose. It is claimed that the original draft of the United States Constitution was found among his papers.

In the summer of 1807 Fulton went to New York to superintend the construction of his steamboat; in August a letter was received from him with the tidings of the success of the trial trip to Albany. A pretty incident of this trial trip was the announcement en route of his engagement to the beautiful and charming cousin of his patron, Chancellor Livingston.

When the improvements on the place had been completed the impatient owners furnished the mansion in

the simple and formal taste of the period, placed the rare bric-a-brac and paintings brought from the Paris home and installed the library—probably the finest collection of literature then in America. To the house-warming in the winter probably went President Jefferson, Secretary of State Madison and his ever-charming wife, the French minister General Turreau, resplendent as became a Marshal of the First Empire, the amiable Erskine from Great Britain with his wife, née Fanny Cadwallader of Philadelphia, the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Gallatin, Capt. Thomas Law with a poem for the happy occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who unfortunately for us did not report the toasts and costumes for the next issue of the *Intelligencer*, Gen. and Mrs. Van Ness, Gen. and Mrs. Mason from the “Island,” Capt. and Mrs. Tingey from the Navy Yard, Dr. and Mrs. Thornton—in fact all the fashion of George Town and Washington—the army and navy officers in full uniform, the justices and congressmen—probably though some of the Federalists may have held aloof as Joel Barlow was chief among Republicans; today we cannot understand the rigidity of party lines during the Jefferson and Madison administrations, when polities divided even society into hostile camps; but it was a notable entertainment and long remembered.

At the solicitation of President Jefferson Joel Barlow, the most famous American in Europe, an adopted citizen of republican France—an honor shared only by Washington and Hamilton—“Poet, Statesman and Philosopher”—had returned to America to write a history of the United States from contemporary sources and in sympathy with the policy of the Republican party, he and his amiable, brilliant wife came to make a home once more among their countrymen.

Let us quote from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson:

“WASHINGTON, May 3, 1802.—To Joel Barlow in Paris;—

“Dear Sir;—Mr. Madison and myself have cut out a piece of work for you, which is to write the history of the United States from the close of the war downward. We are rich ourselves in materials and can open all the public archives to you, but your residence here is essential, because a great deal of the knowledge of things is not on paper, but only within ourselves for verbal communication.

“John Marshall is writing a life of General Washington from his papers. It is intended to come out just in time to influence the next presidential election. It is written therefore principally with a view to electioneering purposes. But it will consequently be out in time to aid you with information, as well as to point out perversions of truth necessary to be rectified.

“Think of this and agree to it, and be assured of my high esteem and attachment.”

To few men have been granted the ability and privilege to accomplish more for their countrymen than to Joel Barlow; unfortunately the party he served left his memorials to the writers of the opposition and there have been no descendants to right the injustice done his record. Born in the puritanic atmosphere of Connecticut in the day of extreme prejudices—a chaplain in the Revolutionary army—the authorized reviser of “Watt’s Hymns,” in Paris he became the friend, admirer and translator of Volney; a writer of poetic squibs and editor of a Yankee newspaper—one of the “Hartford wits,” in Europe his political writings in favor of the French Revolution brought him immense renown in both England and France; an unwitting agent of the unfortunate Scioto Land Company’s scheme—he became minister of the United States to

France and special envoy to settle difficulties in Algiers, where at great personal risk by skilful diplomacy he secured a treaty and the release of more than one hundred American sailors held in captivity by the Dey of the country. By sagacious business investments he had amassed quite a respectable fortune in France and was thus enabled to assist many men of genius, one among the number being Robert Fulton to whom he gave a home during his seven years' residence in Paris, lavishing upon his "much inventing and life endearing toot" a father's affection. To Fulton he dedicated and gave his life work—the epic poem, "Columbiad." Fulton in turn painted for it the portrait for frontispiece under which he inscribed:—

"The warrior's name,  
Tho' pealed and chimed on all the tongues of fame,  
Sounds less harmonious to the grateful mind  
Than his who fashions and improves mankind."

He also supervised the elegant illustrations made in London by Smirke and engraved by masters of the art. The work when produced in Philadelphia in 1807 was the finest example of typographical art, that had been produced in America; it made a sensation but has been all but forgotten; of Barlow's writings, political and poetical, he is only remembered by his merry "Hasty Pudding."

Classic nomenclature was all the vogue at that time, so after some deliberation the place was called "Kalorama" (spelt with a "C")—"Fine View." It at once became and for more than a century continued to be the resort of all that was choicest in American society and the Mecca of foreign travellers and visitors. Seldom were the guest chambers unoccupied.

The early years of the nineteenth century were trying ones for the new Democratic-Republican policy of

peaceful neutrality, when "England seemed to have become a den of pirates and France a nest of thieves"; the Chesapeake outrage was in every mind and on every tongue, but without army or navy to enforce respect what could be done? Many and long were the councils around the library fire or on the veranda at Kalorama when President, Secretary of State and host wrestled with the knotty international problems, often with the sympathetic British envoy, Erskine, or the sarcastic Minister of the most incomprehensible French Emperor, present. It is safe to assert that no political issue of that time was ever decided without the expressed opinion of Joel Barlow, whose long residence abroad had familiarized him with French and English conditions. It has however been surmised that Jefferson's favorite "Embargo Act" never met his unqualified approval.

In the intervals of political discussion Jefferson and Barlow made plans for a national university to be located in the nation's capital city; the bill therefor was presented to Congress, but died in a committee room. Mrs. Barlow—a fine woman, amiable, piquant and cultured—was more generally attractive than her reserved, dignified husband; the ladies admired her tasteful gowns and turbans, and sought her society. No entertainments could compare with hers.

Four busy years passed quickly, the "History of the United States" was progressing finely, the home life was supremely happy, Fulton's steamboats were running on regular schedules up the Hudson. But the national outlook was terribly foreboding, between enemies abroad and at home the ship of state seemed about to founder in the tempest. Our minister to France had quitted his post in the fall of 1810, Barlow was the one American to undertake a mission to Napo-

leon to endeavor to induce him to, in fact as well as in words, set aside his obnoxious decrees so destructive to all commerce on the open seas, consent to American commercial intercourse and release the merchant ships held in French, Spanish and Dutch ports. With extreme reluctance he accepted the appointment and after some delays sailed with his family on the frigate "Constitution" in August, 1811.

Kalorama was then leased to the accomplished Serurier, the new minister from France, a favorite in society circles. We may presume the hospitable life continued. Mrs. Madison wrote Mrs. Barlow in November: "The French minister, M. Serurier, is still delighted with Kalorama and takes much pleasure in beautifying the grounds."

Barlow did not return but sacrificed his life in his country's service, dying from exposure Christmas Eve, 1812, while following Napoleon over the frozen wastes of Poland. In 1813 the bereaved wife returned to America to live in dignified retirement at Kalorama till her death five years later. In the *National Intelligencer* of June 2, 1818, we find this tribute:

"Died, aged 62 on the eve of the 29th. of May, Mrs. Barlow, relict of the late Joel Barlow, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of France. Mrs. Barlow was a native of Connecticut. Those uncommon talents which she and the family of Baldwin possessed were highly cultivated during a long residence with her husband in various countries of Europe. Since the death of her husband she resided at his favorite seat and exerted herself in doing good to all around her. She sustained with dignity, patience and serenity her last, long sickness. Her remains, attended by the heads of departments, foreign ministers and numerous friends were on Monday placed in the family mausoleum at Kalorama."

That the home was soon dismantled we learn from this advertisement in the *Intelligencer* for October 13:

"Elegant furniture at public sale;—Will be offered for sale at Kalorama a great variety of household furniture, consisting of mahogany sideboard, dining, breakfast and tea tables, sofas, and chairs, bureaux, secretaries, prints and paintings, etc."

President Monroe attended the sale and furnished Mrs. Hays' room with the purchases there made, paying about \$600 for the articles.

Probably Mrs. Barlow erected the tomb in a beautiful grove, at what is now the intersection of Massachusetts and Florida Avenues, which remained there until 1892. As remembered by many citizens it bore the following inscriptions:—

Sacred to the Repose of the Dead And the Meditation of the Living	
Joel Barlow	George Bomford
Patriot, Poet, and Philosopher.	Colonel of the Ordnance of the
Lies Buried in Zarniwica	United States
Poland Where He Died	Died 25th March 1848
24th Dec. 1812	Age 66 Years
Aet. 53 Years 9 Months	
Henry Baldwin Bomford His Son	
Ruth Baldwin Barlow His Wife	Sept 9th 1848
Died 29th May 1818	
Age 62 Years	
Abraham Baldwin Her Brother	Henry Baldwin
Died a Senator in Congress	Associate Justice of the
From Georgia	Supreme Court
4th March 1807 Aet 52 Years	Of the United States
His Memory Needs No Marble	Died April 21st 1844
His Country is His Monument	
Her Constitution His Greatest	
Work	Age 64 Years

Mrs. Barlow's family had consisted of her younger sister, Clara, who became the wife of George Bomford,

an officer of great distinction in the ordnance division of the United States army, and Tom Barlow, a nephew and ward who had married and brought home from Paris a young French wife. Mrs. Bomford had been quite a belle in society. Mrs. Crowninshield thus described her appearance at Mrs. Madison's New Year's reception 1816:

"Miss Baldwin, a sister of Mrs. Barlow, was dressed, first in a pretty white gown, high and much ruffled,—the ruffles worked, which is considered handsomer than lace—and over it a scarlet merino dress made short above the ruffles of her gown, crossed before and behind about the waist and short sleeves; it looked very tasty, trimmed with merino trimming and fringe. A black velvet hat, turned up in front with a large bunch of black feathers."

Soon after occurred her marriage to the handsome colonel, a widower with four children.

About 1818, Mrs. Wilson, who had been the wife of Theobald Wolfe Tone the Irish patriot, the hero of the insurrection of 1798 and whom the Barlows had known in the early days in Paris, now widowed for the second time and seeking a home in America, was invited to come to Kalorama. She accepted the invitation and the west wing was built for her occupancy. Its construction was peculiar in that it only contained two very large apartments with stairways both in front and in rear. Here she spent several years, dying in Georgetown in 1848. Her only son became an officer in the United States army. He had received a military education at St. Cyr as a ward of the French Republic and had served under Napoleon. Upon the return of the Bourbons to power he had not considered France a desirable place of residence.

Joel Barlow, who had no children of his own, had

adopted two orphan nephews, Thomas and Stephen Barlow. His will made before his departure for Algiers was in favor of his beloved wife. She divided her estate between the two nephews-at-law and her sisters, Clara Bomford and Sally French. Kalorama was devised to Tom Barlow as were the library and papers; its furnishings were to be divided between Tom Barlow and Clara Bomford. In the will are many bequests, among them five hundred dollars annually for the education of poor blacks in Washington, three hundred dollars to be annually distributed in charity.

“And I do also order and direct that the said Tom Barlow, or whoever may be entitled to the estate of Kalorama, to convey to such religious society as I shall by any future codicil name and point out, one acre of ground . . . to include the vault now built thereon, as a burial ground for ever, and I do order and direct my executors to provide out of my estate an annual fund of twenty dollars for keeping in repair any fence which may be erected around the same, and the sum of ten dollars to keep said vault in repair.”

The executors were George Bomford, Henry Baldwin, Thomas and Stephen Barlow. Her brother Henry Baldwin, then a representative in Congress, soon bought the property from Thomas Barlow and immediately transferred it to Colonel Bomford who occupied it for nearly thirty years.

Mrs. Margaret Bayard Smith in her letters recently published repeatedly referred to the ladies of Kalorama, always in terms of admiration and affection. In a letter written in January, 1817, she tells of a large party given by her in which

“Mrs. Barlow seemed about as anxious as if it had been her own party, and wished me to make use of her servants and everything in her house which could add to the elegance of

the party. I accepted but a small portion of what she offered. The kind Mrs. Bomford came early in the morning and assisted in all the arrangements."

Ten years later she wrote, "On Christmas we were very happy as well as gay. Dear Mrs. Bomford and all her family came early in the morning and staid until late at night." Again: "Whatever she [Mrs. Bomford] does is with her whole heart, in private kindness and friendship she is equally zealous. I do love her and so does every one."

Colonel and Mrs. Bomford were people of high culture and well sustained the social reputation of Kalorama. Mrs. Bomford was an enthusiastic florist. In her garden was one of the choicest collections of rare trees and plants to be found in America, of which today there remains only the dying empress tree. Friends had brought contributions from distant lands, an ivy from Melrose Abbey clambered over the portico, orchids from the tropics blossomed among the then rare palms in the conservatories, a sago palm which the Botanic Garden acquired from her attracted crowds to see its blooming in 1874, the first sugar beets grew among her vegetables.

Col. Bomford was an engineer of great merit. He was the inventor of the "Columbiad," a gun so called in honor of Barlow's great epic poem, which was used in the ordnance till after the Civil War. He invested heavily and disastrously in Washington city lots. General Cullom thus refers to this gallant officer:

"To the skill and inventive talent of this invaluable officer the country was largely indebted preceding and during the war of 1812-15, he being almost the only one well informed in the manufacture of ordnance and ordnance stores. At the New York depot he established work shops in which gun-

carriages were constructed, small arms repaired, and all kinds of pyrotechny fabricated."

He was the first to hold the office of Chief of Ordnance in the United States army.

The three brothers of these ladies were also men of national renown; the eldest, Abraham Baldwin, the intimate friend and associate of Joel Barlow, a revolutionary patriot, went early to Georgia, was one of the founders of her state university, its first president, was a member of the national constitutional convention and for several terms, senator in Congress. He now has no memorial in Washington. Another, Dudley, remained in Connecticut and became a famous lawyer; while Henry, also a lawyer, went to western Pennsylvania, served two terms in the national House of Representatives, carried the state for General Jackson and was by him appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. While in the House he had been chairman of the committee that had reported the "Missouri Compromise." His son Henry went to Tennessee and became the law partner of John Bell, "the last of the Whigs." His sons Henry and William D. were the pioneer patent attorneys so well known in modern Washington where the latter still ably sustains the professional reputation of the family.

In 1819 the Prussian minister, Baron Von Greuhm, was a tenant at Kalorama. He had been smitten with the charms of a pretty governess in Governor Middleton's family and made her his wife. The ladies hardly knew whether to accept her socially, but she let it be known that her "latch string" was out for all Washington citizens.

In the early part of President Monroe's administration there was a decided lack of harmony in society

circles, so perhaps in the lofty apartments of Kalorama, heated only by open fires, there may have been several varieties of *chill* for the pretty and ambitious hostess.

On the night of March 23, 1820, the presses of the *National Intelligencer* were halted for the insertion of a postscript announcing the death of the popular hero, Commodore Decatur:

“Mourn Columbia! for one of thy brightest stars is set—a Son without fear and without reproach—in the freshness of his fame—in the prime of his usefulness—has descended into the tomb.”

The distracted widow begged of Colonel Bomford, a devoted personal friend, the privilege of the use of the Barlow vault, which was cordially granted. To again quote from the *Intelligencer*: “Since the foundations of the city were laid perhaps no such assemblage of citizens and strangers, on such an occasion has been seen.” Escorted by marines and sailors the sad cortège passed through the fields to the modest tomb secluded in the grove on the banks of romantic Rock Creek followed by the President, all official Washington and a vast concourse of citizens, the minute guns of the distant Navy Yard punctuating the measures of the funeral dirges.

Finding the associations of the home overpowering Mrs. Decatur accepted the hospitality of Kalorama and with the Commodore’s nieces, the Misses McKnight, resided for a time in the west wing, leading there a life of austere seclusion not entirely to the taste of the young ladies. After twenty-six years the body of Commodore Decatur was removed to St. Peter’s church yard in Philadelphia, where it now reposes beneath a beautiful memorial erected by the citizens of that city.

In 1824 the venerable Marquis de Lafayette visited

Washington. Mrs. Bomford had known him familiarly in Paris. Mrs. Seaton has recorded her pleasure in receiving an invitation to spend an evening "en famille" with the distinguished guest at Kalorama.

Colonel Bomford had many business enterprises outside his duties as Chief of Ordnance in the army. He had a large flouring mill in Georgetown which was destroyed by fire in 1844. There was much competition hereabouts then in grist milling. The field was clear for cotton mills which were prospering elsewhere, so he constructed an immense water wheel and erected a four story building on the site in which he placed three thousand spindles and one hundred looms. The mill provided employment for more than one hundred men and women. The success of the enterprise did not repay the outlay; although the city of Georgetown had assisted by remitting all taxes he found himself seriously embarrassed. In the settlement Kalorama was sacrificed. It is said he never recovered from his reverses, but died broken hearted. The family resided for a time on I Street in the house still to be seen in the rear of the Riggs' mansion. Mrs. Bomford finally went with her only daughter to Portland, Maine.

The estate at that time embraced ninety-one acres and extended from Woodley Lane and Rock Creek to Florida Avenue, crossing the creek at P Street. It was bought in 1846 by Thomas R. Lovett as trustee for his mother, Mrs. Charles Fletcher; the price paid was \$25,000—not a great advance from the \$14,000 paid by Barlow forty years before. Her descendants still retain holdings in the property. The acre about the tomb was reserved from the sale, but heirs not related to the original owners in some way evaded the prohibition, removed the sacred dust to Rock Creek Cemetery.

demolished what should have only been replaced by a memorial chapel and sold the beautiful lot—not a tree remaining of the once fine grove.

The Lovett family proved themselves worthy successors of the brilliant men and women that had preceded them, and the cultured, hospitable life continued. Mr. Thomas Lovett accompanied Minister Marsh to Constantinople in 1850 as an attaché of the legation. This perhaps led to introductions into all the foreign legations in Washington whose inmates were always on terms of pleasant intimacy with the family in the most charming country residence in the District. Mr. Fletcher was a man of erudition and extremely progressive, actively interested in many public projects. He numbered among his friends most of the prominent men of his day in official life.

Memories of romances cling around historic homes as ivy to the walls. Many a pretty tale might be told with Kalorama for a setting. The wooing of one of the young men of the family is typical and recalls some historic characters. The Empress Maria Theresa of Austria was greatly interested in the struggle of the American colonists for independence. When it had been achieved she despatched a trusted officer, Baron de Belen of Belgium, to America with her personal congratulations to General Washington. The Baron was so pleased with the country and people that he remained permanently, selecting York, Pa., for a home. His granddaughter, a beautiful young girl, gentle and winsome, was educated in the Georgetown convent, as were the daughters of many notable families of the past generation. Considering themselves still Belgians, her guardians placed her in charge of Colonel Beaulieu, then representing the Belgian government in America.

At an evening entertainment at the legation young Mr. George Lovett met Miss Caroline. The fate of both was at once decided and soon after another fair face was added to the group on the Heights. And there was the infatuation of the elderly bachelor, Dr. Bull, for the still attractive Mrs. Barlow with the interference of well-meaning but practical relatives who prevented the marriage, but broke thereby the heart of the gentle lady. The Russian Minister, Baron Bodisco, so long resident in Georgetown and whose name is remembered as the prince who wooed and won the modest maiden, was a frequent visitor at Kalorama. Among the treasures of the family is an oil painting of the old mansion done by Miss Lovett with his assistance. Neither did army and navy men fail to seek the generous hospitality, and with the usual result. Miss Emma Lovett was married to Commodore Samuel Livingston Breese in old St. John's in 1855. The bride was so distressed by her husband's immediate assignment to sea duty that Secretary Dobbin as a gift presented her with permission to join him on the flag ship in the Mediterranean. This was, we may be sure, a most acceptable present. Commodore Breese was made Rear Admiral by the act of 1862 and was commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard during the Civil War. One of the sisters married Captain Lansing of the army; another, Medical Director George Maulsby of the navy.

Kalorama had never been so beautiful as it was in the spring of 1861. The oaks planted by Joel Barlow along the avenue which wound around the hillside to the plain thence to the entrance lodge at P Street had grown till their boughs interlaced; the trees about the little Fulton summer house on the bluff towered high; the fine *Pyrus japonica* hedge formed an impervious

wall of green around the lawn where the boxwood had grown into trees, at every turn was some rare tree or shrub, while in the formal garden at the east—carefully kept as it had been left by Mrs. Bomford—was such a collection of growth and bloom as was not duplicated elsewhere in the district. The mansion with its long picturesque front, the wings embracing as it were the conservatories built on the front of the old house, painted in the old time yellow coloring, was completely embowered in a grove of noble forest trees; through vistas cut in the foliage views of the river and city from Georgetown to the Capitol and even far Alexandria could be had. Crocus, daffodils and jonquils blossomed on the greensward among the dandelion stars; great clusters of wistaria and pawlonia blooms hung heavily from vine and tree; the air was filled with the fragrance of blooming lilac, honeysuckle and magnolia. In the wooded parts of the estate the slopes were carpeted with violets and arbutus, the red-bud and dogwood brightened the background, the snowy banner of the ash swayed in each gentle breeze.

On a day in April the gentlemen of the family returned from the city greatly excited, Fort Sumter had been attacked and had surrendered—a great civil war was inevitable. Soon came the call for troops and regiments of soldiers came pouring into Washington to be encamped on the hills around the city. Lossing mentions the camp and drill ground on the level field of Kalorama, along the creek.

The guns fired that hot Sunday afternoon in August at Manassas were heard during the service being conducted by the regimental chaplain in the summer house. Has the reader ever listened to the faint booming of guns from a distant battle field? To a civilian the

sound brings a numbing sensation of horror never to be forgotten. It early became evident that a hospital for the isolation of contagious cases would be required. For such use no locality possessed the advantages of Kalorama. So the government leased the place, while the family removed to Philadelphia.

The hospital tents and buildings were demolished when the army was disbanded in the fall of 1865. The officers in charge proposed to give a fine farewell ball on Christmas Eve in the mansion. Unfortunately for their plans, through a defective stove pipe a fire was started which completely gutted the east wing. No report was made to the absent owners of the fire or evacuation. They by merest chance heard that stragglers had full possession and were destroying what the army had spared. Mr. Thomas Lovett appeared upon the scene in time to rescue an Aztec idol which a negro was ignominiously dragging down the hill by a rope about its neck. It was a cherished relic, having been brought from Mexico by Captain Lansing. It and the stone cannon balls brought from Malta by Admiral Breese, and which had been placed on the posts of the entrance gate, are now in the Lovett Free Library at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia. Many years elapsed before settlement was made by the government for rent or damages.

The mansion was elegantly rebuilt in 1872 by Mr. George Lovett. For the supports of the porte-cochere he used handsome iron pillars that had once done duty at the armory at Harper's Ferry.

In 1875 Mr. Lovett married for the second time, the lady being a daughter of Admiral Charles S. Boggs of "Varuna" fame. She was also a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a grand-niece of Captain James Lawrence of the Navy; thus

another notable family became associated with Kalorama. It was no longer a country place; by the rapid growth of the city after the war it had become suburban. It was still beautiful, though much changed and no tour of Washington was complete that did not include a drive through the grounds. This was a favorite drive with General Grant, who greatly enjoyed the views from its outlooks. Mr. James G. Blaine would have had a residence for the President located at this point—in fact a negotiation for the purchase had commenced, to be tragically interrupted by the assassination of the President.

Mr. Lovett died in 1882. Seven years later the still attractive mansion was abandoned and torn away in order that city lots might be made to correspond with the levels of the intersecting streets. The elegant modern residence built by Mr. Wm. A. Mearns very nearly occupies the site of the old house.

Memories of great men who served their country ably and well—Scott, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Barlow, Fulton, Baldwin, Bomford, Decatur and others of later date—with fair women, the social queens of their time—cling to the Kalorama of which only the name remains. Is it not fitting that a memorial be placed hereabouts to remind the returning fashion somewhat of the brilliant past?









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